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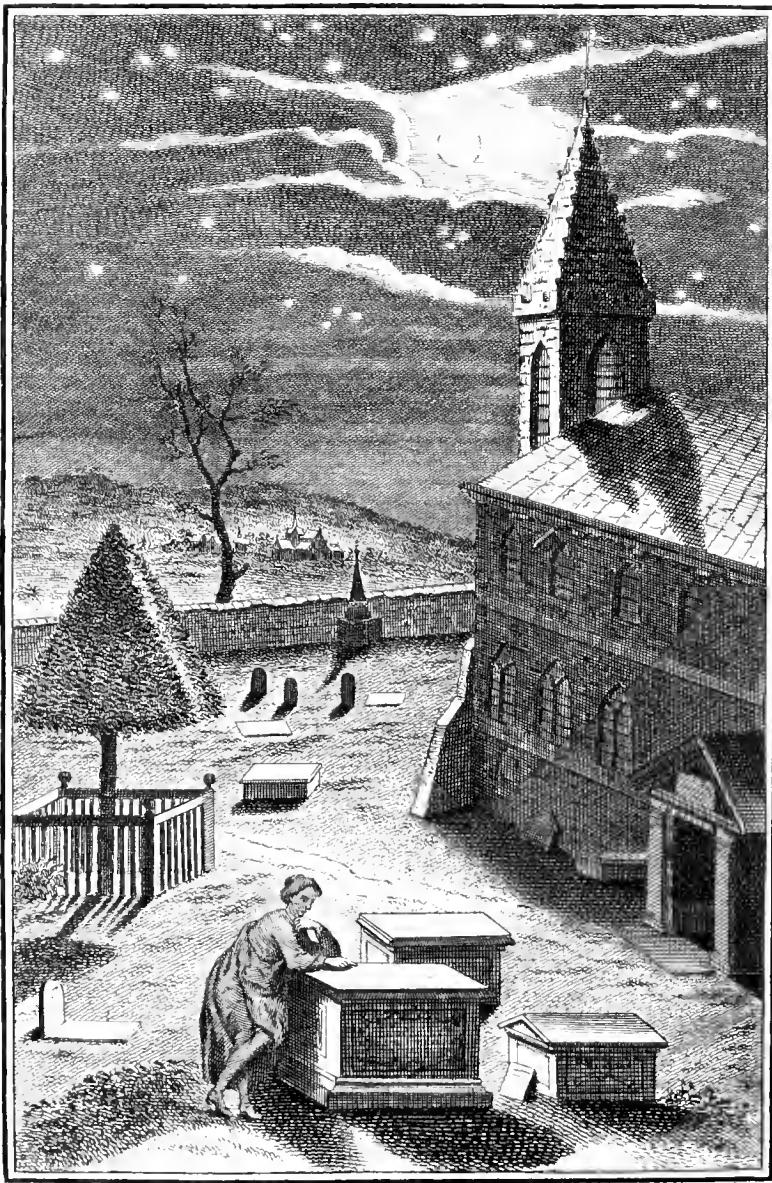
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Gérard sc.

THE
COMPLAINT.
OR,
Right=Thoughts
ON
LIFE, DEATH, & IMMORTALITY.
NIGHT THE FIFTH.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-Mall*, and
sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1743.





N 5.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

T H E

R E L A P S E.

HUMBLY INSCRIB'D.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of *LITCHFIELD.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Writer being absent, desired me to correct the Press; my being accidentally prevented, occasion'd the following Errors.

R. DODSLEY.

Page 9, ver. 18, for fills read fill
12, ver. 11, for them r. it
14, ver. 17, for firmer r. former
17, ver. 11, for Actions r. Action
21, ver. 11, for a (:) put a (;)
22, ver. 11, read thus,

And first the Importance of our End
survey'd.

22, ver. 15, for Erran r. Errand
30, ver. 20, for arth r. Earth

Pag. 33, ver. 16, for Breast r. Hearts
41, ver. 21, for Of r. If
45, ver. 18, for We r. Me
50, v. 1, for Tompeers r. Compeers
53, ver. 8, for plum'd with ev'ry
Bliss, r. bloom'd with every Bliss.
55, ver. 7, for Tasket r. Casket
ibid. ver. 13, read, Still more
ador'd, to snatch the golden
Shower.



T. H. E
C O M P L A I N T.
NIGHT the FIFTH.



O R E NZO! to recriminate is Just.
Fondnes for Fame is Avarice of Air.
I grant the Man is vain, who writes for Praise.
Praise no Man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.

As just thy *Second* Charge. I grant the Muse
Has often blusht at her degenerate Sons,
Retain'd by *Sense* to plead her filthy Cause;
To raise the Low, to magnify the Mean,
And subtilize the Gross into Refin'd:
As if to magick Numbers' powerfull Charm
, Twas given, to make a *Civet* of their Song
Obscene, and sweeten Ordure to Perfume:

Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the Brute,
And lifts our Swine-enjoyments from the Mire.

The Fact notorious, nor obscure the Cause.
We wear the Chains of *Pleasure*, and of *Pride* ;
These share the Man ; and these distract him too ;
Draw different Ways, and clash in their Commands.
Pride, like an Eagle, builds among the Stars ;
But *Pleasure*, Lark-like, nests upon the Ground.
Joys shar'd by Brute-Creation, *Pride* resents ;
Pleasure embraces : Man would both enjoy,
And both at once : A Point how hard to gain !
But what can't Wit, when stung by strong Desire ?

Wit dares attempt this arduous Enterprize.
Since Joys of *Sense* can't rise to *Reason's* Taste ;
In subtle *Sophistry*'s laborious Forge,
Wit hammers out a Reason new, that stoops
To Fordid Scenes, and greets them with Applause.
Wit calls the *Graces* the chast Zone to loose ;
Nor less than a *plump God* to fill the Bowl.
A thousand Phantoms, and a thousand Spells,

A thousand Opiates scatters to delude,

To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,

And the fool'd Mind delightfully confound.

Thus that which shock'd the *Judgment*, shocks no more;

That which gave *Pride* Offence, no more offends.

Pleasure and *Pride*, by Nature mortal Foes,

At War eternal which in Man shall reign,

By *Wit's* Address, patch up a fatal Peace,

And hand in hand lead on the rank Debauch,

From rank refin'd to delicate and gay.

Art, cursed *Art* ! wipes off th'indebted Blush

From Nature's Cheek, and bronzes every Shame.

Man smiles in Ruin, glories in his Guilt,

And Infamy stands Candidate for Praise.

All writ by Man in favour of the Soul,

These *sensual Ethicks* far, in Bulk, transcend.

The Flow'rs of Eloquence profusely pour'd

O'er spotted Vice, fills half the letter'd World.

Can Pow'rs of Genius exorcise their Page,

And consecrate Enormities with Song ?

But let not these inexpiable Strains
 Condemn the Muse that knows her Dignity,
 Nor meanly stops at *Time*, but holds the World
 As 'tis, in Nature's ample Field, a Point,
 A Point in her Esteem ; from whence to start,
 And run the Round of universal Space,
 To visit Being universal there,
 And Being's Source, that utmost Flight of Mind !
 Yet spite of this so vast Circumference,
 Well knows, but what is *Moral*, nought is *Great*.
 Sing *Sirens* only ? Do not Angels sing ?
 There is in *Poesy* a decent Pride,
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*,
 Her younger Sister, haply, not more wise.

Think'ſt thou, *Lorenzo* ! to find Pastimes here ?
 No guilty Paffion blown into a Flame,
 No Foible flatter'd, Dignity disgrac'd,
 No fairy Field of Fiction all on Flower,
 No Rainbow Colours, *here*, or filken Tale ;
 But solemn *Counsels*, Images of awe,

Truths, which Eternity lets fall on Man
 With double Weight, through these revolving Spheres,
 This Death-deep Silence, and incumbent Shade.

Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last Hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when Life expires;
 And thy dark Pencil, *Midnight!* darker still
 In Melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even this, my Laughter-loving Friends!
Lorenzo! and thy Brothers of the Smile!
 If what imports you most, can most engage,
 Shall steal your Ear, and chain you to my Song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The Truths I sing; The Truths I sing shall feel,
 And feeling give Assent, and their Assent
 Is ample Recompence, is more than Praise.
 But chiefly Thine, O *Litchfield!* nor mistake;
 Think not un-introduc'd I force my Way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
 By Virtue, or by Blood, illustrious Youth!

To thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* Bowers,
 Where all the Language *Harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks Admittance for the Muse.
 A Muse that will not pain thee with thy Praise ;
 Thy Praise she drops, by nobler still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether*, the Supreme,
 Great antemundane Father ! in whose Breast
 Embrio-creation, unborn Being dwelt,
 And all its various Revolutions rowl'd
 Present, tho' future ; Prior to themselves ;
 Whose Breath can blow them into Nought again ;
 Or, from his Throne some delegated Pow'r,
 Who, studious of our Peace, dost turn the Thought
 From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime !
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious Draughts
 Of Inspiration, from a purer Stream,
 And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia* ; nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred Thirst ; though long my Soul has rang'd

Through pleasing Paths of *Moral*, and *Divine*,
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the *Stars*.

By *them* best lighted are the Paths of *Thought* ;
Nights are their *Days*, their most illumin'd Hours.

By *Day*, the Soul o'erborn by Life's Career,
 Stunn'd by the Din, and giddy with the Glare,
 Reels far from Reason, jostled by the Throng.

By *Day* the Soul is passive, all her Thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken, e'er mature.

By *Night* from Objects free, from Passion cool,
 Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpress'd, the Births
 Of pure Election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the Limits of one World confin'd;
 But from *Etherial* Travels light on *Earth*,
 As Voyagers drop Anchor, for Repose.

Let *Indians*, and the Gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd Fopperies, the Sun adore :

Darkness has more Divinity for me;
 It strikes Thought inward, it drives back the Soul
 To settle on Herself, our Point supreme !

There

There lies our Theatre; there sits our Judge.
Darkness the Curtain drops o'er Life's dull Scene;
' Tis the kind Hand of Providence stretcht out
' Twixt Man, and Vanity; 'tis *Reason's* Reign,
And *Virtue's* too; these Tutelary Shades
Are Man's *Asylum* from the tainted Throng.

Night is the good Man's *Friend*, and *Guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* Virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue for ever Frail, as Fair, below,
Her tender Nature suffers in the Croud,
Nor touches on the World, without a Stain;
The World's infectious; few bring back at Eve
Immaculate, the Manners of the Morn.

Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.

Each *Salutation* may slide in a Sin
Unthought before, or fix a firmer Flaw.
Nor is it strange, *Light*, *Motion*, *Concourse*, *Noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; Thought outward-bound
Neglectful of our Home-affairs, flies off

In Fume and Dissipation, quits her Charge,
And leaves the Breast unguarded to the Foe.

Present Example gets within our Guard,
And acts with *double Force*, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires Ambition ; Love of Gain
Strikes, like a Pestilence, from Breast to Breast ;
Riot, Pride, Perfidy, blue Vapours breath ;
And *Inhumanity* is caught from Man ;
From smiling Man. A slight, a single Glance,
And Shot at random, often has brought Home,
A sudden Fever, to the throbbing Heart,
Of *Envy, Rancour, or impure Desire.*

We see, we hear with Peril ; *Safety* dwells
Remote from *Multitude* ; the World's a School
Of *Wrong*, and what Proficients swarm around ?
We must or imitate, or disapprove ;
Must list as their Accomplices, or Foes ;
That stains our Innocence ; *This* wounds our Peace.
From Nature's Birth, hence, *Wisdom* has been smit

With

With sweet Recess, and languisht for the Shade.

This sacred Shade, and Solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt Presence of the Deity.

Few are the Faults we flatter when alone,

Vice sinks in her Allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other Objects, black by Night.

By Night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend;
The conscious Moon, through every distant Age,
Has held a Lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall
On *Contemplation*'s Eye, her purging Ray:
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
And form their Manners, not inflame their Pride,
While o'er his Head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future Guest,
See him solliciting his ardent Suit,
In private Audience: All the live-long-night,

Rigid

Rigid in Thought, and motionless he stands,
 Nor quits his Theme, or Posture, till the Sun
 (Rude Drunkard rising Rosy from the Main!)
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual Beam,
 And gives him to the Tumult of the World.
 Hail, precious Moments! stol'n from the black Waste
 Of murder'd Time: Auspicious *Midnight!* Hail!
 The World excluded, every Passion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm Intercourse with Heav'n,
Here, the Soul sits in Council, ponders *past*,
 Predestines *future* Actions; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous Life; and reasons with the Storm;
 All her Lies answers, and thinks down her Charms.
 What awful Joy? What mental Liberty?
 I am not pent in Darkness; rather say
 (If not too bold) in Darkness I'm embower'd.
 Delightful Gloom! the clust'ring Thoughts around
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the Shade;
 But droop by Day, and sicken in the *Sun*.
Thought borrows Light elsewhere; from that *First* Fire,

Fountain of Animation ! whence descends
Urania, my celestial Guest! who deigns
 Nightly to visit me, so mean; and now
 Conscious, how needful Discipline to Man,
 From pleasing Dalliance with the Charms of *Night*,
 My wand'ring Thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of Heart ; *Narcissa's* Tomb!

Or is it feeble Nature calls me back ?
 And breaks my Spirit into Grief again ?
 Is it a *Stygian* Vapour in my Blood ?
 A cold, slow Puddle, creeping thro' my Veins ?
 Or is it *thus* with all Men ?---Thus, with all.
 What are we ? how unequal ? now we soar,
 And now we sink ; to be *the same*, transcends
 Our present Prowess. Dearly pays the *Soul*
 For Lodging-ill ; too dearly rents her Clay.
Reason, a baffled Counsellor ! but adds
 The Blush of Weakness, to the Bane of Woe.
 The noblest Spirit fighting her hard Fate,
 In this damp, dusky Region, charg'd with Storms,

But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;
Or Flying, short her Flight, and sure her Fall.
Our utmost Strength ! when down, to rise again ;
And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our Praise.

'Tis vain to seek in Men, for more than Man.
Tho' proud in Promise, big in previous Thought,
Experience damps our Triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the Shadows of the Grave,
Where *Grief* detain'd me Prisoner, mounting high
Threw wide the Gates of everlasting Day,
And call'd Mankind to Glory, shook off *Pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Æther pure,
And struck the Stars; now feel my Spirits fail,
They drop me from the Zenith, down I rush
Like him, whom Fable fledg'd with waxen Wings,
In Sorrow drown'd---But not, in Sorrow, lost.
How wretched is the Man, who never mourn'd ?
I dive for precious Pearl, in *Sorrow's* Stream :
Not so the thoughtless Man that *only* grieves ;
Takes all the Torment, and rejects the Gain,

(Ineititable Gain!) and gives Heaven Leave
To make him but more Wretched, not more Wife.

If Wisdom is our Lesson, (and what else
Ennobles Man? what else have Angels learnt?)
Grief! more Proficients in thy School are made,
Than *Genius*, or proud *Learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *Learning*, often overfed,
Digests not into Sense her motley Meal.
This *Book-Cafe*, with dark Booty almost burst,
This *Forager* on others Wisdom, leaves
Her Native-Farm, her *Reason* quite untill'd.
With mixt Manure she surfeits the rank Soil,
Dung'd, but not dreft; and rich to Beggary.
A Pomp untameable of Weed prevails.
Her *Servant's* Wealth encumber'd *Wisdom* mourns.

And what says *Genius*? “ *Let the Dull be Wise.*”
Genius too hard for Right, can prove it Wrong.
And loves to boast, where blufh Men less inspir'd.
It pleads Exemption from the Laws of *Sense*;
Considers *Reason* as a Leveller,

And

And scorns to share a Blessing with the Croud.
 That Wise it *could* be, thinks an ample Claim
 To *Glory*, and to *Pleasure* gives the rest.

Crassus but sleeps, *Ardelio* is undone.

Wisdom less shudders at a Fool, than Wit.

But *Wisdom* smiles, when humbled Mortals weep.
 When *Sorrow* wounds the Breast, as Plows the Glebe,
 And Hearts obdurate feel her softning Shower :
 Her Seed Celestial, then, glad *Wisdom* sows,
 Her golden Harvest triumphs in the Soil.
 If so, *Narcissa* ! welcome my *Relapse* ;
 I'll raise a Tax on my Calamity,
 And reap rich Compensation from my Pain.
 I'll range the plenteous, Intellectual Field ;
 And gather ev'ry Thought of sovereign Power,
 To chase the Moral maladies of Man ;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the Skies,
 Tho' Natives of this coarse penurious Soil,
 Nor wholly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* sing ;
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in Heaven.

Reason,

Reason, the Sun that gives them Birth, the same
 In either Clime, tho' more illustrious *There*.
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a Garland for *Narcissa's* Tomb ;
 And, peradventure, of no fading Flowers.

Say on what Themes shall puzzled Choice descend ?
 " Th' Importance of Contemplating the Tomb ;
 " *Why* Men decline it ; *Suicide's* foul Birth ;
 " The various *Kinds of Grief* ; the *Faults of Age* ;
 " And *Death's dread Character*----invite my Song.

First, be th' Importance of our End survey'd.
 Friends council quick Dismission of our Grief ;
 Mistaken Kindness ! our Hearts heal too soon.
 Are *They* more kind than *He*, who struck the Blow ?
 Who bid it do his Erran in our Hearts,
 And banish Peace, till nobler Guests arrive,
 And bring it back, a true, and endless Peace ?
 Calamities are *Friends* : As glaring *Day*
 Of these unnumbred Lustres robs our Sight ;
Prosperity puts out unnumbred Thoughts
 Of Import high, and Light divine to Man.

The Man how blest, who sick of gaudy Scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselvēs!)
 Is led by Choice to take his favourite Walk,
 Beneath *Death's* gloomy, silent, Cypress Shades,
 Unpierc'd by *Vanity's* fantastic Ray ;
 To read his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,
 Visit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs?
Lorenzo! read with me *Narcissa's* Stone ;
 (*Narcissa* was thy Favourite) let us read
 Her moral Stone; few Doctors preach so well.
 Few Orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling Heart. What *Pathos* in the Date ?
 Apt Words can strike, and yet in them we see
 Faint Images of what we, here, enjoy.
 What Cause have *we* to build on Length of Life ?
Temptations seize, when *Fear* is laid asleep ;
 And Ill foreboded is our strongest Guard.

See from her Tomb, as from an humble Shrine,
Truth, radiant Goddess ! fallies on my Soul,
 And puts *Delusion's* dusky Train to Flight ;

Dispells the Mists our sultry *Passions* raise,
 From Objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,
 And shews the *Real Estimate* of Things ;
 Which no Man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
 Pulls off the Veil from *Virtue's* rising Charms ;
 Detects *Temptation* in a thousand Lies.
Truth bids me look on Men, as *Autumn Leaves*,
 And all they bleed for, as the Summer's Dust,
 Driven by the Whirlwind ; lighted by her Beams,
 I widen my Horizon, gain new Powers,
 See Things invisible, feel Things remote,
 Am present with Futurities ; think nought
 To Man so foreign, as the Joys possest,
 Nought so much his as those beyond the Grave.

No *Folly* keeps its Colour in *her* Sight.

Pale *worldly Wisdom* loses all her Charms ;
 In pompous Promise from her Schemes profound,
 If future Fate she plans, 'tis all in Leaves
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting Bliss !
 At the first Blast it vanishes in Air.

Not so, *Celestial*: wouldest Thou know, *Lorenzo*!
 How differ *worldly* Wisdom, and *Divine*?
 Just as the waining, and the waxing Moon.
 More empty *worldly* Wisdom every Day ;
 And every Day more fair her *Rival* shines.
 When *Later* there's less Time to play the Fool.
 Soon our whole Term for Wisdom is expir'd.
 (Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no Councel in the Grave)
 And everlasting Fool is writ in Fire,
 Or *real* Wisdom wafts us to the Skies.

As worldly Schemes reſemble *Sybil's* Leaves,
 The Good Man's Days to *Sybil's* Books compare,
 (In antient Story read, Thou know'ſt the Tale)
 In Price ſtill riſing, as in Number leſs,
 Ineſtimable quite his Final Hour.
 For That who Thrones can offer, offer Thrones ;
 Inſolvent Worlds the Purchase cannot pay.
 “ Oh let me die His Death ! ” all Nature cries.
 “ Then live his Life ”---All Nature falters there.

Our great Physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *Grave*, our only Cure.

What Grave prescribes the best?--a Friend's; and yet
From a Friend's Grave, how soon we disengage?
Even to the dearest, as his Marble, cold.

Why are Friends ravish'd from us? 'tis to bind,
By soft Affection's Tyes, on human Hearts,
The Thought of Death, which *Reason* too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *There*.

Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.
Behold th' inexorable Hour at Hand!

Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *Aim* of Life;
Tho' well to ponder it, is Life's chief *End*.

Is Death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected Guest?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest Calls
Of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected still?

Tho'

Tho' num'rous Messengers are sent before
 To warn his Great Arrival. What the Cause,
 The wond'rous Cause, of this Mysterious Ill?
 All Heaven looks down astonish'd at the Sight.

Is it, that Life has sown her Joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single Care between?
 Is it, that Life has such a swarm of Cares,
 The Thought of Death can't enter for the Throng?
 Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy Feet,
 Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her Golden Dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
 We take the lying Sister for the same.
 Life glides away, *Lorenzo!* like a Brook;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the Change.
 In the same Brook none ever bath'd him twice:
 To the same Life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the Brook the same; the same we think
 Our Life, tho' still more rapid in its Flow;
 Nor mark the *Much* irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the Sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining

(Retaining still the Brook to bear us on)

That Life is like a Vessel on the Stream ?

In Life embark'd, we smoothly down the Tide

Of *Time* descend, but not on *Time* intent ;

Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding Wave ;

Till on a sudden we perceive a Shock ;

We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?

Our brittle Bark is burst on *Charon's* Shore.

Is this the Cause *Death* flies all human Thought ?

Or is it, *Judgment* by the *Will* struck blind,

That domineering Mistress of the Soul !

Like him so strong by *Dalilah* the fair ?

Or is it *Fear* turns startled *Reason* back,

From looking down a Precipice so steep ?

'Tis dreadful ; and the Dread is wisely plac'd,

By Nature conscious of the make of Man.

A dreadful Friend it is, a Terror kind,

A flaming Sword to guard the Tree of Life.

By that unaw'd, in Life's most smiling Hour,

The *Good Man* would repine ; would *suffer* Joys,

And burn impatient for his promis'd Skies.
 The *Bad* on each punctilious Pique of Pride,
 Or Gloom of Humour, would give Rage the Rein,
 Bound o'er the Barrier, rush into the Dark,
 And marr the Schemes of Providence below.

What Groan was that, *Lorenzo!*---Furies! rise
 And drown in your less execrable Yell,
Britannia's Shame. There took her gloomy Flight,
 On Wing impetuous, a Black sullen Soul,
 Blasted from Hell, with horrid Lust of Death.
 Thy Friend, the Brave, the Gallant *Altamount*,
 So call'd, so thought---And then he fled the Field.
 Less base the Fear of Death, than Fear of Life.
 O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!
 An Island in thy Manners! far disjoin'd
 From the whole World of *Rationals* beside.
 In ambient Waves plunge thy polluted Head,
 Wash the dire Stain, nor shock the Continent.

But Thou be shock'd, while I detect the Cause
 Of *Self-Assault*, expose the Monster's Birth,

And

And bid *Abhorrence* hiss it round the World.
 Blame not thy Clime, nor chide the distant Sun ;
 The Sun is innocent, thy Clime absolv'd,
Immoral Climes kind Nature never made.
 The Cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves, It is thy Folly, not thy Fate.

The Soul of Man, (let Man in Homage bow
 Who names his Soul) a Native of the Skies !
 Highborn, and free, her Freedom should maintain,
 Unsold, unmortgag'd for *Earth's* little Bribes.
 The illustrious Stranger, in this foreign Land,
 Like Strangers, jealous of her Dignity,
 Studiois of Home, and ardent to return,
 Of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted Cup
 With cool Reserve light-touching, should indulge
 On *Immortality*, her Godlike Tast ;
There take large Draughts ; make her chief Banquet
 But some reject this Sustenance Divine ;
 To beggarly vile Appetites descend ;
 Ask Alms of *earth*, for Guests that came from *Heaven* ;

Sink into Slaves ; and fell for *present* Hire,
 Their rich Reversion, and (what shares its Fate,)
 Their native *Freedom*, to the Prince who sways
 This nether World. And when his Payments fail,
 When his foul Basket gorges them no more ;
 Or their pall'd Palates loath the Basket full,
 Are, instantly, with wild Dæmoniac Rage,
 For breaking all the Chains of Providence,
 And bursting their Confinement ; tho' fast barr'd
 By Laws divine and human ; guarded strong
 With *Horrors* doubled to defend the Pass,
 The blackest *Nature*, or dire *Guilt* can raise ;
 And moated round, with fathomless *Destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their Fall.

Such, *Britons* ! is the *Cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by Magistrates,
 Thus, Criminals themselves. I grant the Deed
 Is Madness ; but the Madness of the *Heart*.
 And what is that ? our utmost bound of *Guilt*.
 A sensual, unreflecting Life is big

With

With monstrous Births, and *Suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal Brood. The Bold to break
 Heaven's Law supreme, and desperately rush
 Thro' sacred *Nature's* Murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of Death*, they die.
 'Tis equally Man's Duty, Glory, Gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his End.
 When by the Bed of Languishment we sit,
 (The Seat of *Wisdom!* if our Choice, not Fate)
 Or, o'er our dying Friends, in Anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold Dew, or stay the sinking Head,
 Number their Moments, and in ev'ry Clock,
 Start at the Voice of an Eternity;
 See the dim Lamp of Life just feebly lift,
 An agonizing Beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into Death,
 That most Pathetic Herald of our own;
 How read we such sad Scenes? as sent to Man
 In perfect Vengeance? no; in Pity sent,
 To melt him down, like Wax, and then impress

Indelible, *Death's* Image on his Heart;
 Bleeding for others, Trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.
 The Mind turns Fool, before the Cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *Folly* cancels all;
 As the Tide rushing rases what is writ
 In yielding Sands, and smooths the Letter'd Shore.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *Sigh*?
 Or studied the Philosophy of *Tears*?
 (A Science, yet, unlectur'd in our Schools.)
 Hast thou descended deep into the Breast,
 And seen their Source? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny Riv'lets to their Springs.

Our Funeral Tears, from different Causes, rise.
 As if, from separate Cisterns in the Soul,
 Of various Kinds, they flow. From tender Breast,
 By soft Contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading Eye.
Some, ask more Time, by curious *Art* distill'd.
 Some Hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,

Struck by the Magic of the Public eye,

Like *Moses'* smitten Rock, gush out amain.

Some weep to share the Fame of the Deceas'd,
So high in Merit, and to them so Dear.

They dwell on Praises, which they think they share,
And thus, without a Blush, commend Themselves.

Some mourn in Proof that something they could love.

They weep not to *relieve* their Greif, but *show*.

Some weep in perfect Justice to the Dead,

As Conscious all their Love is in Arrear.

Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,

Tears, sometimes, aid the Conquest of an Eye.

With what Address the soft *Ephesians* draw

Their Sable Net-work o'er entangled Hearts?

As seen through Crystal, how their Roses glow,

While *liquid Pearl* runs trickling down their Cheek?

Of hers, not prouder *Egypt's* wanton Queen,

Carousing Gems, herself dissolv'd in Love.

Some weep at *Death*, abstracted from the *Dead*,

And celebrate, like *Charles*, their own Decease.

By kind Construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent Veil conceals their Joy.

Some weep in Earnest; and yet weep in Vain ;
As deep in Indiscretion, as in Woe.

Passion, blind *Passion* ! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more Tears ; while *Reason* sleeps
Or gazes, like an Idiot, unconcern'd ;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the Storm;
Knows not It speaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.

*Irrational*s all Sorrow are beneath,
That noble Gift ! that Privilege of Man !
From *Sorrow*'s Pang, the Birth of endless Joy.
But *These* are barren of that Birth divine.

They weep impetuous, as the Summer-Storm,
And full as short ! The cruel *Grief* soon tam'd,
They make a Pastime of the stingless Tale ;
Far as the deep-refounding Knell, they spread
The dreadful News, and hardly feel it more.
No Grain of *Wisdom* pays them for their *Woe*.

Half round the Globe, the Tears pump't up by *Death*
Are spent in watering Vanities of Life;

In making *Folly* flourish still more fair.
 When the sick Soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
 Reclines on Earth, and sorrows in the Dust ;
 Instead of learning *there*, her *true Support*,
 Tho' there thrown down, her *true Support* to learn,
 Without Heaven's Aid, impatient to be Blest,
 She crawls to the next Shrub, or Bramble vile,
 Tho' from the stately Cedar's Arms she fell,
 With stale, foreworn Embraces, clings anew,
 The Stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
 In all the fruitless Fopperies of Life.
 Presents her Weed well-fancied, at the Ball,
 And raffles for the Death's-Head on the Ring.

So wept *Aurelia*, till the destin'd Youth
 Stept in, with his Receipt for making Smiles ;
 And blanching Sables into bridal Bloom.
 So wept *Lorenzo* fair *Clarissa*'s Fate ;
 Who gave that Angel-Boy, on whom he doats ;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his Birth !
 Not such *Narcissa* ! my Distress for Thee.

I'll make an Altar of thy sacred Tomb
 To sacrifice to Wisdom----What wast Thou?
 "Young, Gay, and Fortunate!" Each yields a Theme.
 I'll dwell on each, to shun Thought more severe;
 (Heaven knows I labour with severer still!)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy Death.
 A Soul without Reflection, like a Pile
 Without Inhabitant, to Ruin runs.

And, First, thy Youth. What says it to Grey Hairs?
Narcissa I'm become thy Pupil now---
 Early, Bright, Transient, Chast, as Morning Dew
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n.
Time on this Head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft; nor thinks but on another's Grave.
 Cover'd with Shame I speak it, Age severe,
 Old worn-out Vice sets down for Virtue fair.
 With graceless Gravity, chastising Youth,
 That Youth chastis'd surpassing in a Fault,
 Father of all, Forgetfulness of Death.
 As if, like Objects pressing on the Sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:

Or, that Life's Loan *Time* ripen'd into Right ;
 And Men might plead Prescription from the Grave ;
 Deathless, from Repetition of Reprieve.
 Deathless? far from it ! *such* are Dead already ;
 Their Hearts are buried, and the World their Grave.

Tell me some God ! my Guardian Angel ! tell,
 What thus infatuates ? what Inchantment plants
 The Phantom of an Age, 'twixt us and Death,
 Already at the Door ? He knocks, we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What Mail defends
 Our untouch'd Hearts ? what Miracle turns off
 The pointed Thought, which from a Thousand Quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?

We stand, as in a Battle, Throngs on Throngs
 Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ;
 Tho' bleeding with our Wounds, Immortal still !
 We see Time's furrows on another's Brow,
 And Death intrench'd, preparing his Assault ;
 How few themselves, in that just Mirror, see ?
 Or seeing, draw their Inference as strong ?
There Death is certain ; doubtfull *Here* ; He *must*,

And soon ; we may, within *an Age*, expire.

Though grey our Heads, our Thoughts and Aims are
Like damag'd Clocks, whose Hand and Bell dissent,
[Green;
Folly sings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.

Absurd *Longevity* ! more, more, It cries.

More Life, more Wealth, more Trash of ev'ry Kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when Relish fails ?

Object, and *Appetite*, must club for Joy ;
Shall *Folly* labour hard to mend the Bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry String ?

Ask *Thought* for Joy ; grow rich and hoard *within*.
Think you the Soul, when this Life's Rattles cease,
Has nothing of more Manly to succeed ?

Contract the Taste immortal ; learn even Now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.

Divine, or *none*, henceforth your Joys for ever.
Of *Age*, the Glory is to *wish* to die.

That Wish is *Praise* and *Promise* ; It applauds
Past Life, and promises our future Blis.

What Weakness see not Children in their Sires ?

Grand-climacterical Absurdities !

Grey-hair'd Authority to Faults of Youth,

How shocking ? It makes Folly thrice a Fool ;

And our first Childhood might our last despise.

Peace and *Esteem* is all that Age can Hope.

Nothing but *Wisdom* gives the *first* ; the *last*,

Nothing, but the *Repute of being Wise*.

Folly bars both ; our Age is twice undone.

What Folly can be ranker ? like our Shadows,

Our Wishes lengthen, as our Sun declines.

No Wish should loiter, *then*, this side the Grave.

Our Hearts should leave the World, before the Knell

Calls for our Carcasses to mend the Soil.

Enough to Live in Tempest, Die in Port ;

Age should fly Concourse, cover in Retreat

Defects of *Judgment* ; and the *Will's* subdue ;

Walk thoughtfull on the silent, solemn Shore,

If that vast Ocean, It must fail so soon ;

And put *Good-works* on board ; and wait the Wind

That shortly blows us into Worlds unknown ;

Of unconfider'd too, a Dreadful Scene !

All should be Prophets to themselves, foresee
 Their future Fate ; their future Fate foretaste ;
 This Art would waste the Bitterness of Death.

The *Thought* of Death alone, the *Fear* destroys.

A Disaffection to that precious Thought

Is more than *Midnight* Darkness on the Soul,

Which sleeps beneath it, on a *Precipice*,

Puff'd off by the first Blast, and lost for ever.

Doſt ask *Lorenzo*, why ſo warmly preſt,

By Repetition hammer'd on thine Ear,

The Thought of Death? That Thought is the Machine,

The grand Machine! that heaves us from the Dust,

And rears us into Men. That Thought ply'd Home

Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *Precipice*

O'er hanging Hell, will soften the Descent,

And gently ſlope our Paſſage to the Grave;

How warmly to be wiſht? what Heart of Flesh,

Would trifle with Tremendous? dare Extremes?

Yawn o'er the Fate of Infinite? what Hand,

Beyond the blackest Brand of Cenſure bold,

(To speak a Language *too well* known to Thee)
 Would at a Moment give its *all* to Chance,
 And stamp the Die for an Eternity ?

Aid me Narcissa ! Aid me to keep Pace
 With *Destiny* ; and e'er her Scissars cut
 My thread of Life, to break this tougher Thread
 Of Moral Death, that ties me to the World.
 Sting thou my slumbering *Reason* to send forth
 A Thought of Observation on the Foe ;
 To sally, and survey the rapid March
 Of his ten thousand Messengers to Man ;
 Who, *Zebu*-like, behind him turns them all.
 All *Accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
 My Warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind one Moment lurks my Fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for Death ?
Backward I turn mine Eye, and find him there.
 Man is a Self-survivor ev'ry Year.
 Man, like a Stream, is in perpetual Flow.
 Death's a destroyer of Quotidian prey.

My *Youth*, my *Noon-tide*, His ; my *Yesterday* ;
 The bold Invader shares the *present* Hour.
 Each Moment on the former shuts the Grave.
 While Man is growing, Life is in Decrease ;
 And Cradles rock us nearer to the Tomb.
 Our Birth is nothing but our Death begun ;
 As Tapers waft, that Instant they take Fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each Moment of our Lives ?
 If fear we must, let *that* Death turn us pale
 Which murders *Strength*, and *Ardor* ; what remains
 Should rather call on Death than dread his Call.
 Ye partners of my Fault, and my decline! [Kneel
 Thoughtless of Death, but when your Neighbour's
 (Rude Visitant!) knocks hard at your dull Sense,
 And with its Thunder, scarce obtains your Ear !
 Be Death your Theme, in ev'ry place and Hour,
 Nor longer want, ye Monumental Sires !
 A Brother Tomb to tell you you shall Die.
 That Death you *dread* (so great is Nature's Skill !)
 Know, you shall *court*, before you shall Enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in Volumes, deep you sit ;
 In Wisdom shallow : pompous Ignorance !
 Would you be still more learned, than the Learn'd ?
 Learn well to know how much need not be known.
 And what that *Knowledge*, which impares your *Sense* ?
 Our needful Knowledge, like our needful food
 Unhedg'd, lies open in Life's common field ;
 And bids *all* welcome to the Vital Feast.
 You scorn what lies before you in the Page
 Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, Moral Truth ;
 Of indispensable, Eternal Fruit ;
 Fruit, on which Mortals feeding turn to Gods ;
 And dive in *Science* for distinguisht Names,
 Dishonest Fomentation of your Pride ;
 Sinking in Virtue, as you rise in Fame.
 Your Learning, like the *Lunar* Beam, affords
 Light, but not Heat ; It leaves You undevout,
 Frozen at Heart, while Speculation shines ;
 Awake, ye curious Indagators ! Fond

Of knowing All, but what avails you known.
 If you would learn *Death's Character* ; attend.
 All castes of Conduct, all degrees of Health,
 All dies of Fortune, and all Dates of Age,
 Together shook in his impartial Urn,
 Come forth at random. Or if Choice is made
 The Choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
 All bold Conjecture, and fond Hopes of Man.
 What countless Multitudes, not only *leave*,
 But deeply *disappoint* us, by their Deaths ?
 Tho' great our Sorrow, greater our surprize.

Like other Tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,
 What smitten, most proclaims the Pride of Power,
 And arbitrary Nod. His Joy supreme,
 To bid the Wretch survive the Fortunate ;
 The Feeble, wrap th' Athletic in his Shroud ;
 And weeping Fathers, build their Children's Tomb ;
 We Thine, *Narcissa* ! --- What tho' short thy Date ?
Virtue, not rolling Suns, the Mind matures.
 That Life is long, which answers Life's great End.

The Time that bears no Fruit, deserves no Name ;
 The Man of Wisdom is the Man of Years.

In hoary Youth *Methusalem's* may die,
 O how misdated on their flattering Tombs ?

Narcissa's Youth has lectur'd me thus far.
 And can her *Gaiety* give Council too ?

That like the *Jews* fam'd Oracle of Gems,
 Sparkles Instruction ; such as throws new Light,
 And opens more the *Character of Death* ;

Ill known to thee, *Lorenzo* ! This thy Vaunt,
 " Give Death his Due, the Wretched, and the Old,
 " E'en let him him sweep his Rubbish to the Grave ;
 " Let him not violate kind Nature's Laws,
 " But own Man born to *Live*, as well as *Die*."

Wretched and *Old* Thou giv'st Him ; *Young* and *Gay*
 He takes ; and *Plunder* is a Tyrant's Joy.

What if I prove ; " The farthest from the *Fear*,
 " Are often nearest to the *Stroke of Fate* ? "

All, more than common, Menaces an End.
 A Blaze betokens Brevity of Life.

As if bright Embers should emit a Flame,
 Glad Spirits sparkled from *Narcissa's* Eye,
 And made Youth younger, and taught Life to Live.
 As Nature's Opposites wage endless War,
 For *this* Offence, as Treason to the deep,
 Inviolable Stupor of his Reign,
 Where *Lust*, and turbulent *Ambition* sleep,
Death took swift Vengeance. As He Life detests,
 More Life is still more Odious, and reduc'd
 By Conquest, aggrandizes more his Power.
 But wherefore aggrandiz'd? By Heaven's Decree,
 To plant the Soul on her eternal Guard,
 In awful Expectation of our End.
Thus runs Death's dread Commission: " Strike, but *so*,
 " As most alarms the Living by the Dead "
 Hence *Stratagem* delights him, and *Surprise*,
 And cruel sport with Man's Securities.
 Not simple Conquest, Triumph is his Aim,
 And where least fear'd, there Conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold Assertion not too Bold.

What

What are *His* Arts to lay our Fears asleep?

Tiberian Arts his Purposes wrap up

In deep Dissimulation's darkest Night.

Like Princes unconfeſt in foreign Courts,

Who travel under Cover, *Death* assumes

The Name, and Look of *Life*, and dwells among us.

He takes all Shapes that serve his black Designs ;

Tho' Master of a wider Empire far

Than that, o'er which the *Roman* Eagle flew,

Like *Nero*, He's a Fidler, Charioteer,

Or drives his *Phaeton*, in Female Guise ;

Quite unsuspected, till the Wheel beneath,

His disarray'd Oblation he devours.

He most affects the Forms least like himself,

His Slender Self. Hence burly Corpulence

Is his familiar Wear, and sleek Disguise.

Behind the rosy Bloom he loves to lurk,

Or, Ambush in a Smile ; or, wanton dive

In Dimple's deep ; Love's eddies, which draw in

Unwary Hearts, and sink them in Despair.

Such

Such, on *Narcissa's* Couch, he loiter'd long,
 Unknown ; and when detected, still was seen
 To *smile* ; such Peace has Innocence in Death !

Most happy they ! whom least his Arts deceive.
 One Eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heaven*,
 Becomes a Mortal, and Immortal Man.
 Long on his Wiles a piqu'd, and jealous Spy,
 I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the Tyrant *dress* ;
 Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles.
 Say Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
 And shew *Lorenzo* the surprizing Scene ;
 If 'twas a Dream, his Genius can explain.

'Twas in a Circle of the *Gay*, I stood.
Death would have entered ; *Nature* pusht him back ;
 Supported by a Doctor of Renown,
 His Point He gain'd. Then artfully dismiss'd
 The Sage, for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.
 He gave an old Vivacious Usurer
 His Meager Aspect, and his naked Bones ;
 In Gratitude for plumping up His Prey,

A pamper'd Spendthrift ; whose fantastic Air,
 Well fashion'd Figure, and cockaded Brow,
 He took in change, and underneath the Pride
 Of costly Linnen, tuck'd his filthy Shroud.
 His crooked Bow he straightned to a Cane ;
 And hid his deadly Shafts in *Myra's* Eye.

The dreadful Mafquerader thus equipt,
 Out-Sallies on Adventures. Ask you where ?
 Where is He not ? For his peculiar haunts,
 Let *this* suffice ; sure as Night follows Day,
Death treads in *Pleasure's* footsteps round the World,
 When *Pleasure* treads the Paths, which *Reason* shuns.
 When, against *Reason*, *Riot* shuts the door,
 And *Gayety* supplies the Place of *Sense*,
 Then foremost at the Banquet, and the Ball,
Death leads the Dance, or stamps the deadly Die ;
 Nor ever fails the Midnight Bowl to crown.
 Gayly carousing to his gay Tompeers,
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As Absent far ; and when the Revel burns,

When

When *Fear* is banisht, and triumphant Thought
 Calling for all the Joys beneath the Moon,
 Against Him turns the Key ; and bids him Sup
 With their progenitors, — He drops his Mask,
 Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden Terror and Surprize,
 From His black Masque of Nitre, touch'd by Fire
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant Treachery
 And *more than simple Conquest* in the Fiend ?

And now *Lorenzo* ! dost thou wrap thy Soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which Moment is commissioned to destroy ?
 In *Death's* uncertainty thy Danger lies.
 Is *Death* uncertain ? therefore Thou be fixt ;
 Fixt as a *Centinel*, all Eye, all Ear,
 All Expectation of the coming Foe.
 Rouse, stand in Arms, nor lean against thy Spear,
 Least Slumber steal one Moment o'er thy Soul,
 And *Fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;

Thus give each Day the Merit, and Renown,
 Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to Die.
 Nor let Life's *period* hidden, (as from most,)
 Hide too from Thee, the precious *use* of Life.

Early, not sudden, was *Narcissa's* Fate.
 Soon, not surprising, *Death* his Visit paid.
 Her Thought went forth to meet him on his way,
 Nor *Gayety* forgot It was to Die.

Tho' *Fortune* too (our third and final Theme)
 As an Accomplice plaid her gaudy Plumes,
 And ev'ry glittering Gewgaw on her Sight,
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its Mark.

Death's dreadful Advent is the Mark of Man ;
 And every Thought that misses it, is blind.

Fortune, with *Youth*, and *Gayety*, conspir'd
 To weave a *tripple* wreath of Happiness,
 (If Happiness on Earth) to crown her Brow.
 And could *Death* charge through such a shining Shield?

That shining Shield invites the Tyrant's Spear.
 As if to damp our elevated Aims,

And

And strongly preach Humility to Man,
 O how portentous is Prosperity ?
 How, Comet-like, it threatens, while it shines ?
 Few Years but yield us proof of *Death's Ambition*
 To cull his Victims from the fairest fold !
 And sheath his Shafts in all the Pride of Life.
 When flooded with Abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent Honours, plum'd with ev'ry bliss ;
 Set up in Ostentation, made the Gaze,
 The gaudy Center of the publick Eye,
 When *Fortune*, thus, has toss'd her Child in Air,
 Snatcht from the Covert of an humble State,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our Morning's Envy ! and our Evening's Sigh !
 As if her Bounties were the Signal-giv'n,
 The Flow'ry Wreath, to mark the Sacrifice,
 And call Death's Arrows on the destin'd Prey.
High-Fortune seems in cruel League with *Fate*.
 Ask you for what? to give his War on Man
 The deeper Dread, and more illustrious Spoil ;
Thus

Thus to keep daring Mortals more in Awe.
 And burns *Lorenzo* still for the Sublime
 Of Life? to hang his airy Nest on high,
 On the slight Timber of the topmost Bough,
 Rockt at each Breeze, and menacing a Fall?
 Granting grim *Death* at equal Distance *there* ;
 Yet *Peace* begins just where *Ambition* ends.
 What makes Man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis Happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our Smile,
 And calls herself *Content*, a homely Name!
 Our Flame is *Transport*, and *Content* our Scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the Door against her,
 And weds a *Toil*, a *Tempest* in her Stead;
 A *Tempest*, to warm *Transport* near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal State admits,
 Life's modest Joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our Ecstasies are Wounds to Peace.
 Peace, the full Portion of Mankind below.

And

And since thy Peace is dear, ambitious Youth !
 Of Fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy Fate !
 As late I drew *Death's Picture*, to stir up
 Thy wholsome Fears ; now drawn, in Contrast, see
 Gay *Fortune's*, thy vain Hopes to reprimand.
 See, high in Air, the sportive Goddess hangs,
 Unlocks her Tasket, spreads her glitt'ring Ware,
 And calls the giddy Winds to puff abroad
 Her random Bounties, o'er the gaping Throng.
 All rush rapacious ; Friends o'er trodden Friends ;
 Sons o'er their Fathers, Subjects o'er their Kings,
 Priests o'er their Gods ; and Lovers o'er the Fair,
 Still more to ador'd ; snatch the golden Show'r.

Gold glitters most, where *Virtue* shines no more ;
 As Stars from absent Suns have leave to shine.
 O what a pretious Pack of Votaries
 Unkennell'd from the Prifons, and the Stews,
 Pour in, all opening in their Idol's Praise !
 All, ardent, eye each Wafture of her Hand,
 And wide-expanding their voracious Jaws,

(. . .)

Morsel on Morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad Appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the Throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
Sagacious All, to trace the smalleſt Game,
And bold to ſeize the Greateſt. If (bleſt Chance!)
Court-Zephyrs sweetly breath, they launch, they fly,
O'er Juſt, o'er Sacred, all forbidden Ground,
Drunk with the burning Scent of Place, or Pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of Lucre, till they die.

Or if for Men you take them, as I mark
Their Manners, Thou their various Fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ-measur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent Wish far off,
Through Fury to poſſeſſ it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken Prize.
From *some*, by ſudden Blaſts; 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in Bosoms, that ne'er dreamt of Gain.
To *some* it sticks fo close, that when torn off
Torn is the Man, and mortal is the Wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their Bags, run mad,

Groan under Gold, yet weep for want of Bread.
 Together *some* (unhappy Rivals!) seize,
 And rend Abundance into Poverty ;
 Loud croaks the Raven of the Law, and smiles.
 Smiles too the Goddess ; but smiles most at those,
 (Just Victims of exorbitant Desire !)
 Who perish at their own Request, and whelm'd
 Beneath her Load of lavish Grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her Numbers slain.
 The Number small, which Happiness can bear.
 Tho' *various* for a while their Fates; at last
 One Curse involves them All: at Death's Approach,
 All read their Riches backward into Loss,
 And mourn, in just Proportion to their Store.
 And *Death's* Approach (if orthodox my Song)
 Is hastned by the Lure of *Fortune's* smiles.
 And art thou still a Glutton of bright Gold?
 And art thou still rapacious of thy Ruin?
Death loves a shining Mark, a signal Blow;
 A Blow, which while it executes, alarms ;

And startles Thousands, with a single Fall.
 As, when some stately growth of Oak, or Pine,
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her Shade,
 The Sun's Defiance ! and the Flocks Defence !
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring Hinds subdu'd,
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her Height
 In cumb'rous Ruin, thunders to the Ground,
 The conscious Forest trembles at the Shock,
 And Hill, and Stream, and distant Dale, resounds.

These high-aim'd Darts of *Death*, and these alone,
 Should I collect, my Quiver would be full.

A Quiver, which suspended in mid Air,
 Or near Heaven's Archer, in the Zodiac, hung,
 (So could it be) should draw the publick Eye,
 The Gaze, and Contemplation of Mankind!
 A Constellation awfull, yet benign
 To guide the *Gay* through Life's tempestuous Wave;
 Nor suffer them to strike the common Rock,
 " From greater Danger to grow more secure,
 " And, wrapt in Happiness, forget their Fate.

Lysander happy past the common Lot,
 Was warn'd of Danger, but too *Gay* to fear.
 He woo'd the fair *Aspasia*; she was kind,
 In Youth, Form, Fortune, Fame, they both were blest.
 All who knew envy'd; yet in Envy lov'd:
 Can Fancy form more finisht Happiness?
 Fixt was the Nuptial Hour. Her stately Dome
 Rose on the sounding Beach. The glittering Spires
 Float in the Wave, and break against the Shore:
 So break those glittering Shadows, Human Joys.
 The faithless Morning smil'd; He takes his Leave,
 To re-embrace, in Ecstasies, at Eve.
 The rising Storm forbids. The News arrives,
 Untold, she saw it in her Servant's Eye.
 She felt it seen; (her Heart was apt to feel)
 And drown'd, without the furious Ocean's Aid,
 In suffocating Sorrows, shares his Tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, Bridal Monument,
 The Guilty Billows innocently roar;
 And the rough Sailor passing drops a Tear.

A Tear?----can Tears suffice?---But not for me,
 How vain our Efforts? and our Arts how vain?
 The distant Train of Thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown me on my Fate---*These* dy'd together;
 Happy in Ruin! undivorc'd by Death!
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is Peace----
Narcissa! Pity bleeds at Thought of Thee.
 Yet Thou wast only *near* me; not *myself*.
 Survive myself? *That* cures all other Woe.
Narcissa lives; *Philander* is forgot.
 O the soft Commerce! O the tender Tyes,
 Close-twisted with the Fibres of the Heart!
 Which broken, break them; and drain off the Soul
 Of Human Joy; and make it Pain to Live----
 And is it then to Live? when *such* Friends part,
 'Tis the Survivor dies----My Heart! no more.

F I N I S.

THE
COMPLAINT:
OR,
Right=Thoughts
ON
LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE
INFIDEL Reclaim'd.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING,

The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE
O F
IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other things, GLORY, and RICHES,
are particularly consider'd.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

H E N R Y P E L H A M,

First LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at TULLY's Head in *Pall-mall.* 1744.





THE

P R E F A C E.

EW Ages have been deeper in dispute about Religion, than this. The Dispute about Religion, and the Practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the Dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single Question, Is Man Immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all our Disputes are mere Amusements, or Trials of Skill. Truth, Reason, Religion, which give our Discourses such Pomp, and Solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty Sounds, without any Meaning in them. But if Man is Immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal Consequences; or in other Words, to be truly Religious. And this great fundamental Truth, unestablish'd, or unawaken'd in the Minds of Men, is, I conceive, the real Source, and Support of all our Infidelity; how remote soever the particular Objections advanc'd, may seem to be from it.

Sensible

Sensible Appearances affect most Men much more than abstract Reasonings ; and we daily see Bodies drop around us, but the Soul is invisible. The Power which Inclination has over the Judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those, that have not had an Experience of it ; and of what Numbers is it the sad Interest, that Souls should not survive ? The Heathen World confess'd, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed Immortality, and how many Heathens have we still amongst us ? The sacred Page assures us, that Life and Immortality is brought to light by the Gospel : But by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlook'd ? From these Considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the Sentiments of some particular Persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our Infidels (whatever Name they take, and whatever Scheme for Argument's Sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable Error, by some doubt of their Immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied that Men once thoroughly convinced of their Immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive that a Man fully conscious, eternal Pain or Happiness will certainly be his Lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, enquire after the surest means of escaping One, and securing the Other. And of such an earnest, and impartial Enquiry, I well know the Consequence.

Here,

Here, therefore, in proof of this most Fundamental Truth, some plain Arguments are offer'd ; Arguments derived from Principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers ; Arguments, which appear to me altogether Irresistable : And such as I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of Attention, what daily passes, round about them, in the World. If some Arguments shall, Here, occur, which Others have declined, they are submitted with all deference to better Judgments in this, of all Points, the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed ; but it is undisputed, for this reason onely, viz. Because where the least Pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be Indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a Dispute of that nature by Vanity ; which has a principal share in animating our modern Combatants against other Articles of our Belief.







NIGHT THE SIXTH.

T H E

I N F I D E L RECLAIM'D.

 HE* (for I know not yet her Name in Heaven)
Not early, like *Narcissa*, left the Scene ;
Nor sudden, like *Philander*. What avail ?

This seeming Mitigation but inflames ;
This fancy'd Medicine heightens the Disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew ;
And gradual Parting is a gradual Death.
'Tis the grim Tyrant's Engine, which extorts
By tardy Pressure's still-increasing Weight,
From hardest Hearts, confession of Distress.

O the long dark Approach thro' Years of Pain,
Death's Gallery ! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal *Doubt*, and fable *Terror*, hung ;

B

Sick

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Sick *Hope's* pale Lamp, its only glimmering Ray :
 There, Fate my melancholy Walk ordain'd,
 Forbid *Self-love* itself to flatter, There.

How oft I gaz'd prophetically sad ?
 How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles ?
 In smiles she sunk *her* Grief, to lessen *mine*.
 She spoke me Comfort, and increas'd my Pain.
 Like powerful Armies trenching at a Town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless Sap,
 In his pale Progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege : In spite of Art,
 Of all the balmy Blessings Nature lends
 To succour frail Humanity. Ye Stars !
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
 And thou O Moon ! bear witness ; many a Night
He tore the Pillow from beneath my Head,
 Ty'd down my sore Attention to the Shock,
 By ceaseless Depredations on a Life,
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful Post
 Of Observation ! darker every Hour !

Less dread the Day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at Eternity below.

When my Soul shudder'd at Futurity,
When, on a Moment's point, th' important Die
Of Life and Death, spun doubtful, e'er it fell,
And turn'd up Life ; my Title to more Woe.

But why more Woe ? more Comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but *that* which wish'd to dye ;
Nothing is dead, but Wretchedness and Pain.
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the Pass, and barr'd from *real Life*.

Where dwells *that* Wish most ardent of the Wise ?
Too dark the Sun to see it ; highest Stars
Too low to reach it ; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
O'er Stars and Sun, triumphant, lands us There.

Nor dreadful our *Transition* ; tho' the Mind,
An Artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in Expedients for Inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's Portrait true ? the Tyrant never *sate*.

Our Sketch, all random Strokes, Conjecture all ;
 Close shuts the Grave, nor tells one single Tale.
Death, and his Image rising in the Brain
 Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
Fear shakes the Pencil, *Fancy* loves Excess,
 Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her Shades ;
 And *These* the formidable Picture draw.

But grant the Worst ; 'tis past ; new prospects rise ;
 And drop a Veil eternal o'er her Tomb.
 Far other Views our Contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the Rigours of our Life ;
 Views that suspend our Agonies in Death.
 Wrapt in the Thought of *Immortality*,
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant Thought !
 Long Life might lapse, Age unperceiv'd come on ;
 And find the Soul unsated with her Theme.
 Its *Nature*, *Proof*, *Importance*, fire my Song.
 O that my Song could emulate my Soul !
 Like her Immortal. No,---the Soul disdains

A Mark so mean ; far nobler Hope inflames ;
 If endless Ages can outweigh an Hour,
 Let not the *Laurel*, but the *Palm* inspire.

Thy *Nature*, Immortality ! who knows ?
 And yet who knows it not ? It is but Life
 In stronger Thread of brighter Colour spun,
 And spun for ever ; Dipt by cruel Fate
 In *Stygian* Die, how *Black*, how *Brittle* here ?
 How short our Correspondence with the Sun ?
 And while it lasts, Inglorious ! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their Weight ? Or highest Joys,
 Small Cordials to support us in our Pain,
 And give us Strength to suffer. But how *Great*,
 To mingle Interests, Converse, Amities,
 With all the Sons of *Reason*, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable Space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd ? To live free Citizens
 Of universal Nature ? To lay hold
 By more than feeble *Faith* on the *Supreme* ?
 To call Heaven's rich unfathomable Mines,

(Mines,

(Mines, which support Arch-Angels in their State)
 Our own? To rise in Science, as in Bliss,
 Initiate in the Secrets of the Skies?
 To read Creation; read its mighty Plan
 In the bare Bosom of the Deity?
 The Plan, and Execution, to collate?
 To see, before each Glance of piercing Thought,
 All Cloud, all Shadow blown remote; and leave
 No Mystery-----but that of Love Divine,
 Which lifts us on the Seraph's flaming Wing,
 From Earth's *Aceldama*, this Field of Blood,
 Of inward Anguish, and of outward Ill,
 From Darknes, and from Dust, to *such* a Scene?
 Love's Element! true Joy's illustrious Home!
 From Earth's sad Contrast (now depor'd) more fair.
 What exquisite Vicissitude of Fate?
 Blest Absolution of our blackest Hour!
Lorenzo! these are Thoughts that make man Man,
 The Wise illumine, aggrandize the Great.

How Great (while yet we tread the kindred Clod,
And ev'ry Moment fear to sink beneath

The Clod *we* tread ; soon trodden by our Sons.)

How Great, in the wild Whirl of *Time's* pursuits

To stop, and pause, involv'd in high Presage,

Through the long Vista of a thousand Years,

To stand contemplating our distant Selves,

As in a magnifying Mirror seen,

Enlarg'd, Ennobl'd, Elevate, Divine ?

To prophesy our own Futurities ?

To gaze in Thought on what all Thought transcends ?

To talk, with Fellow-Candidates, of Joys

As far beyond Conception, as Desert,

Ourselves the astonish'd Talkers, and the Tale !

Lorenzo, swells thy Bosom at the Thought ?

The Swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest Pride.

Revere thyself ;-----and yet thyself despise.

His *Nature* no man can o'er-rate ; and none

Can under-rate his *Merit*. Take good heed,

Nor there be Modest, where thou should'st be Proud ;

That,

That, almost universal Error, shun.
 How *just* our Pride, when we behold *those* Heights!
 Not those *Ambition* paints in Air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains ;
 And Angels emulate ; our Pride how *just* !
 When mount we ? when these Shackles cast ? when
 This Cell of the Creation ? this small Nest, [quit
 Stuck in a Corner of the Universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy Cloud, and fine-spun Air ?
 Fine-spun to Sense ; but gross and feculent
 To Souls celestial ; Souls ordain'd to breath
 Ambrosial Gales ; and drink a purer Sky ;
 Greatly triumphant on *Time's* farther Shore,
 Where Virtue reigns, enrich'd with full Arrears ;
 While Pomp Imperial begs an Alms of Peace.

In Empire high, or in proud Science deep,
 Ye born of Earth ! on what can you confer,
 With half the Dignity, with half the Gain,
 The Gust, the Glow of Rational Delight,
 As on *this* Theme, which Angels praise, and share ?

Man's Fates, and Favours are a Theme in Heaven.

What wretched Repetition cloys us *here*?

What periodic Potions for the Sick?

Distemper'd Bodies! and distemper'd Minds!

In an *Eternity*, what Scenes shall strike?

Adventures thicken? Novelties surprize?

What Webs of Wonder shall unravel, *there*?

What full Day pour on all the Paths of Heaven,

And light th'Almighty's Footsteps in the Deep?

How shall the blessed Day of our Discharge

Unwind, at once, the Labyrinths of Fate,

And straiten its inextricable Maze?

If inextinguishable Thirst in Man

To *know*; how rich, how full our Banquet *Here*?

Here, not the *Moral* World alone unfolds;

The World *Material* lately seen in Shades,

And in those Shades, by Fragments, only seen,

And seen those Fragments by the *labouring* Eye,

Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,

Its ample Sphere, its universal Frame,

In full Dimensions, swells to the Survey ;
 And enters, at one Glance, the ravisht Sight.
 From some superior Point (where, who can tell ?
 Suffice it, 'tis a Point where Gods reside)
 How shall the stranger Man's illumin'd Eye,
 In the vast Ocean of unbounded Space,
 Behold an Infinite of floating Worlds
 Divide the Crystal Waves of Ether pure,
 In endless Voyage, without Port ? The *least*
 Of these disseminated Orbs, how Great ?
 Great as they are, what Numbers These surpass
 Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small Race,
 Those twinkling Multitudes of little Life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd ? *Stupendous* These !
 Yet what are these Stupendous to the *Whole* ?
 As Particles, as Atoms ill-perceiv'd ;
 As circulating Globules in our Veins ;
 So vast the Plan : Fecundity Divine !
 Exuberant Source ! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If Admiration is a Source of Joy,
 What Transport, hence? Yet this the Least in Heaven.
 What *This* to that illustrious Robe *He* wears,
 Who tost this Mass of Wonders from his Hand,
 A Specimen, an Earnest of his Power?
 'Tis, to that Glory, whence all Glory flows,
 As the Mead's meanest Flowret to the Sun,
 Which gave it Birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven?
 This Bliss supreme of the supremely Blest?
 Death, only Death, the Question can resolve.

By Death, cheap-bought the Ideas of our Joy;
 The *bare* Ideas! Solid Happiness
 So distant from its shadow chac'd below.

And chace we still the Phantom thro' the Fire,
 O'er Bog, and Brake, and Precipice, till Death?
 And toil we still for sublunary Pay?
 Defy the Dangers of the Field, and Flood,
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
 Our more than Vitals spin (if no regard
 To great Futurity) in curious Webs

Of subtle Thought, and exquisite Design ;
 (Fine Net-work of the Brain !) to catch a Fly ?
 The momentary Buzz of vain Renown !
 — A Name, a mortal Immortality.

Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping Air,
 For sordid Lucre plunge we in the Mire ?
 Drudge, sweat, thro' every shame, for every Gain,
 For vile contaminating Trash, throw up
 Our Hope in Heaven, our Dignity with Man ?
 And deify the Dirt, matur'd to Gold ?
Ambition, Avarice ! the two *Dæmons*, these
 Which goad thro' every Slough our Human Herd,
 Hard-travel'd from the Cradle to the Grave.
 How low the Wretches stoop ? how steep they climb ?
 These *Dæmons* burn Mankind ; but most possess
Lorenzo's Bosom, and turn out the Skies.

Is it in *Time* to hide *Eternity* ?
 And why not in an Atom on the Shore,
 To cover Ocean ? or, a Mote, the Sun ?
Glory, and *Wealth* ! have They this blinding Pow'r ?

What,

What, if to *Them*, I prove *Lorenzo* blind?
 Would it surprize Thee? Be thou then surpriz'd;
 Thou *neither* know'st : Their Nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *These Subjects* seem,
 What close Connection ties them to my Theme.
 First, what is *True Ambition*? The Pursuit
 Of Glory, nothing less than Man can share.

Were they as Vain, as gaudy-minded Man,
 As flatulent with Fumes of self-applause,
 Their Arts, and Conquests, *Animals* might boast,
 And claim their *Laurel* Crowns, as well as We,
 But not *Celestial*. *Here* we stand alone,
 As in our Form, distinct, pre-eminent ;
 If prone in Thought, our Stature is our Shame,
 And Man should blush, his Forehead meets the Skies.
 The *Visible* and *Present* ! are for Brutes,
 A slender Portion ! and a narrow Bound !
 These, *Reason*, with an Energy divine,
 O'erleaps ; and claims the *Future*, and *Unseen* ;
 The Vast Unseen ! the Future fathomless !

When the great Soul buoys up to this high Point,
 Leaving gross *Nature's* Sediment below,
 Then, and then only, *Adam's* Offspring quits
 The Sage and Heroe, of the Fields and Woods,
 Asserts his Rank, and rises into Man.

This is Ambition : This is Human Fire.

Can *Parts*, or *Place* (two bold Pretenders !) make
Lorenzo Great, and pluck him from the Throng ?

Genius and *Art*, Ambition's boasted Wings,
 Our Boast but ill deserve. A feeble Aid !

Dædalian Enginery ! If These alone,
 Assist our Flight, *Fame's* Flight is *Glory's* Fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our Height is but the Gibbet of our Name.

A celebrated Wretch when I behold,
 When I behold a Genius bright, and base,
 Of towering Talents, and terrestrial Aims ;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high Sphere,
 The glorious Fragments of a Soul Immortal,
 With Rubbish mixt, and glittering in the Dust.

Struck at the splendid, melancholy Sight,
 At once *Compassion* soft, and *Envy* rise---
 But wherefore Envy? Talents Angel-bright, ~~—~~
 If wanting Worth, are shining Instruments
 In false Ambition's Hand, to finish Faults
 Illustrious, and give Infamy renown. ~~—~~

Great *Ill* is an Atchievement of great *Pow'rs*,
 Plain Sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the Means, *Affections* chuse our End;
 Means have no Merit, if our End amiss.
 If wrong our Hearts, our Heads are right in vain;
 What is a *Pelham's Head*, to *Pelham's Heart*?
 Hearts are Proprietors of all Applause.
 Right Ends, *and* Means, make Wisdom: Worldly-wise
 Is but half-witted, at its highest Praise.

Let *Genius* then despair to make thee Great;
 Nor flatter *Station*: What is Station high?
 'Tis a proud Mendicant; It boasts, and begs;
 It begs an Alms of Homage from the Throng,
 And oft the Throng denies its Charity.

Monarchs, and Ministers, are awful Names ;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our Devoir.
 Religion, publick Order, Both exact
External Homage, and a supple Knee,
 To Beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest Slave ; *all more* is Merit's due ;
 Her sacred, and inviolable Right,
 Nor ever paid the *Monarch*, but the *Man*.
 Our Hearts ne'er bow but to superior *Worth* ;
 Nor ever fail of their Allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *Man* in their Account,
 And vote the *Mantle* into Majesty.
 Let the small Savage boast his Silver Fur ;
 His royal Robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his Sires.
 Shall Man be proud to wear his Livery,
 And Souls in *Ermin* scorn a Soul without ?
 Can *Place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?
 Pygmies are Pygmies still, tho' percht on Alps,
 And Pyramids are Pyramids in Vales.

Each Man makes his own Stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone out-builds the *Pyramids* ;
 Her Monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure Truths dost Thou demand the Cause ?
 The Cause is lodg'd in *Immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for Pow'r ;
 What Station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
 'Tis thine. And art thou Greater than before ?
 Then thou before wast something less than Man.
 Has thy new Post betray'd thee into Pride ?
 That treacherous Pride betrays thy Dignity ;
 That Pride defames Humanity, and calls
 The Being mean, which *staffs*, or *strings* can raise.
 That Pride, like hooded Hawks, in darkness foars,
 From Blindnes bold, and towring to the skies.
 'Tis born of *Ignorance*, which knows not Man
 An Angel's Second ; nor his Second long.
 A *Nero* quitting his Imperial Throne,
 And courting Glory from the tinkling String,
 But faintly shadows an Immortal soul,

With Empire's self, to Pride, or Rapture, fir'd.
If nobler Motives minister no cure,
Even Vanity forbids thee to be Vain.

High Worth is elevated Place : 'tis more ;
It makes the Post stand Candidate for Thee ;
Makes more than Monarchs, makes an Honest man ;
Tho' no *Exchequer* it commands, 'tis Wealth ;
And tho' it wears no *Ribbon*, 'tis Renown ;
Renown, that would not quit thee tho' disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendant on a Master's Smile.
Other Ambition Nature interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in Man,
By pointing at his Origin, and End ;
Milk, and a Swathe, *at first*, his whole Demand,
His whole Domain, *at last*, a Turf, or Stone,
To whom, *between*, a World may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *just* Ambition, to the grand Result,
The Curtain's Fall ; *there*, see the buskin'd Chief
Unshod behind this momentary Scene ;

Reduc'd to his own Stature, Low or High,
 As Vice, or Virtue sinks him, or sublimes ;
 And laugh at this fantastic Mummery,
 This antic Prelude of grotesque Events,
 Where Dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A Littleness of soul by Worlds o'er-run,
 And Nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To Christian Pride ! which had with horror shockt
 The darkest Pagans; offer'd to their Gods.

O Thou *most Christian* Enemy to Peace !
 Again in Arms ? again provoking Fate ?
 That Prince, and that alone, is truly Great,
 Who draws the Sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
 On Empire builds what Empire far outweighs,
 And makes his Throne a Scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare ? Because forgot of all
 The day of Death ; that venerable Day,
 Which sits as Judge ; that Day which shall pronounce
 On all our Days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo ! never shut thy Thought against it ;

Be *Levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it Audience in the *Cabinet*.
 That Friend consulted, Flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee fair, if Thou art Great, or Mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is that *Ambition*? Then let Flames *descend*,
 Point to the Center their inverted spires,
 And learn Humiliation from a soul
 Which boasts her Lineage from Celestial fire.
 Yet *These* are they, the world pronounces Wise.
 The world, which cancels Nature's Right, and Wrong,
 And casts *new* Wisdom : Even the Grave man lends
 His solemn face, to countenance the Coin.
 Wisdom for Parts is Madness for the Whole.
 This stamps the Paradox, and gives us leave
 To call the Wisest weak, the Richest poor,
 The most Ambitious, Unambitious, Mean ;
 In Triumph, mean ; and abject on a Throne.
 Nothing can make it less than Mad in man,
 To put forth all his Ardor, all his Art,

And give his soul her full unbounded Flight,
 But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind Ambition quite mistakes her Road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial Happiness, and true Renown ;
 Then, like an Idiot gazing on the Brook,
 We leap at Stars, and fasten in the Mud ;
 At Glory grasp, and sink in Infamy.

Ambition ! powerful source of Good and Ill !
 Thy strength in Man, like length of wing in Birds,
 When disengag'd from Earth, with greater Ease
 And swifter Flight, transports us to the skies :
 By Toys entangled, or in Guilt bemir'd,
 It turns a Curse ; it is our Chain, and Scourge,
 In this dark Dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
 Close-grated by sordid Bars of *Sense* ;
 All prospect of Eternity shut out ;
 And, but for Execution, ne'er set Free.

With error in *Ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we *Lorenzo* wiser in his *Wealth* ?

What if thy Rental I reform ? and draw
 An Inventory new to set thee right ?
 Where, thy *true* Treasure ? Gold says, “not in me,”
 And, “ not in me,” the Diamond. Gold is poor ;
India’s insolvent : Seek it in Thyself ;
 Seek in thy naked Self, and find it There.
 In *Being* so Descended, Form’d, Endow’d ;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning Race !
 Erect, Immortal, Rational, Divine !
 In *Senses*, which inherit Earth, and Heavens ;
 Enjoy the various riches *Nature* yields ;
 Far nobler ! *give* the riches they enjoy ;
 Give taste to Fruits ; and harmony to Groves ;
 Their radiant beams to Gold, and Gold’s bright Sire ;
 Take in, at once, the Landscape of the world,
 At a small Inlet, which a Grain might close,
 And half create the wonderous World, they see.
 Our *Senses*, as our *Reason*, are Divine.
 But for the magic Organ’s powerful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour’d Chaos still.

Objects are but the Occasion ; Ours th' *Exploit* ;
 Ours is the Cloth, the Pencil, and the Paint,
 Which Nature's admirable Pictures draws ;
 And beautifies Creation's ample Dome.

Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the Lake,
 Man makes the matchless Image, man admires.
 Say then, shall man, his Thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in Himself forgot,
 His Admiration wast on objects round,
 When Heaven makes Him the soul of all he sees ?
 Absurd ! not Rare ! so Great, so Mean, is man.

What Wealth in *Senses* such as These ? what Wealth
 In *Fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *Sense* surveys ? In *Memory's* firm Record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall,
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming Years ?
 In colours fresh, originally bright
 Preserve its Portrait, and report its Fate ?
 What Wealth in *Intellect*, that sovereign Power !
 Which *Sense*, and *Fancy*, summons to the bar ;

Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
 And from the Mass those *Underlings* import,
 From their Materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *Truth's* ballance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *Art*, and *Science*, *Government*, and *Law* ;
 The solid Basis, and the beauteous Frame,
 The Vitals, and the Grace of *civil* life ?
 And *Manners* (sad Exception !) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a Copy fair
 Of *His* Idea, whose indulgent Thought
 Long, long, 'ere Chaos teem'd, plan'd *human* Bliss.

What *Wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from Place, or Time,
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 The almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's sound* ?
 Bold, on Creation's Outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of Thought,
 Creations new, in Fancy's field to rise ?
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er the Almighty made,

And

And wander wild, through Things impossible !

What *Wealth*, in *Faculties* of endless growth,

In quenchless *Passions* violent to crave,

In *Liberty* to chuse, in *Power* to reach,

And in *Duration* (how thy Riches rise ?)

Duration to perpetuate----- boundless Bliss ?

Ask you, what *Power* resides in feeble Man

That Bliss to gain ? Is *Virtue*'s, then, unknown ?

Virtue, our present Peace, our future Prize.

Man's unprecious, natural Estate,

improveable at will, in *Virtue*, lies ;

its Tenure sure ; its Income is Divine.

High-built Abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?

To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;

Then, make a richer Scramble for the Throng ?

Soon as this feeble Pulse, which leaps so long

Almost by Miracle, is tir'd with play,

Like Rubbish, from exploding Engines thrown,

Our Magazines of hoarded Trifles fly ;

They diverse ; fly to Foreigners, to Foes ;

New masters court, and call the former Fool,
 (How justly?) for dependence on their Stay.
 Wide scatter, first, our Play-things, then, our Dust.
 Dost court Abundance for the sake of Peace?
 Learn, and lament, thy self-defeated Scheme :
 Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And, *Richer still*, what Mortal can resist ?
 Thus Wealth, (a cruel Task-master !) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless Train !
 And murders Peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The Poor are *half* as wretched, as the Rich ;
 Whose proud, and painful Privilege it is,
 At once, to bear a double load of Woe ;
 To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
 Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A Competence is vital to Content.
 Much wealth is Corpulence, if not Disease ;
 Sick, or encumber'd, is our Happiness.
 A Competence is all we can *enjoy*.
 O be content, where Heaven can give no more !

More, like a Flash of water from a Lock,
 Quickens our spirit's movement for a Hour,
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our Joys,
 Above our native Temper's common stream.
 Hence Disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
 As Bees in flowers ; and stings us with Success.

The Rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
 Nor knows the Wise are privy to the Lie. iii
 Much Learning shows how Little mortals *know* ;
 Much Wealth, how Little worldlings can *enjoy* :
 At best, it babys us with endless Toys,
 And keeps us Children till we drop to Dust.
 As Monkies at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find, what they so plainly see ;
 Thus Men, in shining Riches, see the Face
 Of Happiness, nor know it is a Shade ;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How Few can rescue Opulence from want ?
 Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be Poor ;

Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be Rich.
 Poor is the man in Debt ; the man of Gold
 In debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her Pow'r.
 The man of *Reason* smiles at Her, and Death.
 O what a Patrimony, This ? A *Being*
 Of such inherent Strength and Majesty,
 Not Worlds possest can raise it ; Worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O *Nature* ! ends ; Too blest to mourn
 Creation's Obsequies. What Treasure, *This* ?
 The *Monarch* is a Beggar to the Man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
 Morn without Eve ! A Race without a Goal !
 Unshortned by progression Infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life
 Beginning still, where Computation ends !
 'Tis the Description of a Deity !
 Tis the Description of the meanest Slave :
 The meanest Slave, dares then, *Lorenzo*, scorn ?
 The meanest Slave thy *sovereign* Glory shares.

Proud Youth ! Fastidious of the *lower* world !

Man's lawful Pride includes Humility.

Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find

Inferiors ; all Immortal ! Brothers all !

Proprietors *Eternal* of thy Love.

Immortal ! What can strike the *sense* so strong,

As This the *soul* ? It thunders to the Thought ;

Reason amazes ; *Gratitude* o'erwhelms ;

No more we slumber on the brink of Fate ;

Rous'd, at the sound, th' exulting Soul ascends,

And breaths her native Air ; an Air that feeds

Ambition's high, and fans Etherial fires ;

Quick-kindles All that is Divine within us ;

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the Stars.

Has not *Lorenzo*'s bosom caught the Flame ?

Immortal ! Was but *One* Immortal, how

Would Others envy ? How would Thrones adore ?

Because 'tis common, is the Blessing lost ?

How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven ?

O vain, vain, vain ! all else : *Eternity* !

A glorious, and a *needful* Refuge, *that*
From vile Imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis *Immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains, abasements, emptiness*,
The soul can *comfort, elevate, and fill*.

That only, and that amply, This performs ;
Lifts us above life's Pains, her Joys above ;
Their Terror *those* ; and *these* their Lustre lose ;
Eternity depending covers all ;
Eternity depending all atchieves ;
Sets Earth at distance, casts her into shades ;
Blends her Distinctions ; abrogates her Pow'rs ;
The Low, the Lofty, Joyous, and Severe,
Fortune's dread Frowns, and fascinating Smiles,
Make one promiscuous, and neglected Heap,
The man beneath ; if I may call him Man,
Whom *Immortality*'s full Force inspires.

Nothing Terrestrial touches his high Thought ;
Suns shine unseen, and Thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high Descent,

Their present Province, and their future Prize ;
 Divinely darting upward every Wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *Absence* lost.

Doubt you this Truth ? Why labours your Belief ?
 If Earth's whole Orb, by some due-distanc'd eye,
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
 And level'd *Atlas* leave an even Sphere.

Thus *Earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *Eternity*'s vast Round.

To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
 Time's Toys subside ; and *equal* All below.

Enthusiastic, This ? Then all are Weak,
 But rank Enthusiasts : To this Godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd ; or Martyrs ne'er had bled.
 And all may do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable, joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd ?
 What Slave, unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn

Expects

Expects an Empire ? He forgets his Chain,
And thron'd in Thought, his absent scepter waves.

And what a Scepter waits us ? What a Throne ?
Her own immense Apointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high Prerogatives,
In this her dark Minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul Divine ?
Too great the bounty seems for Earthly joy ;
What heart but trembles at so strange a Bliss ?

In spite of all the Truths the Muse has sung,
Truths touching ! marvellous ! and full of Heaven !
Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !
Are there, who wrap the World so close about them,
They see no farther than the Clouds ; and dance
On heedless Vanity's phantastic Toe,
Till stumbling at a Straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance, and song ?
Are there *Lorenzo* ! Is it possible ?
Are there on Earth (let me not call them Men)
Who lodge a soul Immortal in their breasts ;

Unconscious as the Mountain of its Ore ?
 Or Rock, of its inestimable Gem ?
 When Rocks shall melt, and Mountains vanish, *These*
 Shall know their Treasure ; Treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
 The rising Thought ? Who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious Truth ? Who struggle to be Brutes ?
 Who thro' this Bosom-barrier burst their way ?
 And, with reverst Ambition, strive to sink ?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing Pow'rs,
 Of Instinct, Reason, and the World against them,
 To dismal Hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless Night ? Night darker than the Grave's ?
 Who fight the proofs of Immortality ?
 With horrid Zeal, and execrable Arts,
 Work all their Engines, level their black Fires,
 To blot from man *this* Attribute Divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the Wise,) .
 Blasphemers, and rank Atheists to Themselves ?

To contradict them see all Nature rise !

What Object, what Event, the moon beneath,

But argues, or endears, an After-scene ?

To *Reason* proves, or weds it to *Desire* ?

All things proclaim it *needfull*; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.

A thousand Arguments swarm round my pen,

From *Heaven*, and *Earth*, and *Man*. Indulge a few,

By Nature, as her common Habit, worn ;

So pressing Providence a Truth to teach,

Which Truth untaught, all other Truths were vain.

Thou ! whose all-providential Eye surveys,

Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms

Creation, and holds Empire far beyond !

Eternity's Inhabitant august !

Of two Eternities amazing Lord !

One past, e'er Man's, or Angels, had begun ;

Aid ! while I rescue from the Foe's assault,

Thy glorious Immortality in *Man*.

A Theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment Infinite ! but relish most
 By those, who love Thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy Daughter, ever-changing Birth
 Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
 Speaks Wisdom ; is his Oracle supreme ;
 And he who most consults Her, is most Wise.

Lorenzo, to this heavenly *Delphos* haste ;
 And come back All-immortal ; All-divine !
 Look Nature through, 'tis *Revolution*. All.
 All Change, no Death. Day follows Night ; and Night
 The dying Day ; Stars, rise, and set, and rise ;
 Earth takes th' Example. See, the *Summer* gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid *Autumn* ; *Winter* grey
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the *Spring* ; Soft *Spring*, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,

Recalls the *First*. All, to reflourish, fades.

As in a wheel, All sinks, to reascend.

Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, Emblems just,
Nature revolves, but Man *advances*; Both
 Eternal, *that* a Circle, *this* a Line.

That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like Flame, ascends;
Zeal, and *Humility*, her wings to Heaven.

The world of Matter, with its various Forms,
 All dies into new Life. Life born from Death
 Rolls the vast Mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single Atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel, charges the most High.

What hence infers, *Lorenzo*? can it be?

Matter, Immortal? and shall *Spirit* die?

Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?

Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,

No Resurrection know? shall Man alone

Imperial Man ! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than Grain, on which he feeds ?
 Is Man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of Being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its Period, by the spleen of Fate
 Severely doom'd *Death's* single Unredeem'd ?

If Nature's *Revolution* speaks aloud,
 In her *Gradation*, hear her louder still.
 Look Nature thro', 'tis neat *Gradation* all.
 By what minute degrees her Scale ascends ?
 Each middle Nature join'd at each Extreme,
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
 Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce : What love of Union reigns ?
 Here, dormant Matter, waits a call to Life ;
 Half-life, half-death join There ; Here, Life and Sense ;
 There, Sense from Reason steals a glimmering ray ;
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
 The Chain unbroken upward, to the realms

Of incorporeal Life? those realms of Bliss,
 Where Death hath no dominion ? Grant a Make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal ; Earthy part,
 And part Etherial ; grant the Soul of man
 Eternal ; or in man the Series ends.

Wide yawns the Gap, Connexion is no more ;
 Checkt *Reason* halts, her next step wants support ;
 Striving to climb, she tumbles from her Scheme,
 A scheme, *Analogy* pronounc'd so true ;
Analogy, man's surest Guide below.

Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy Belief.
 And will *Lorenzo*, careless of the Call,
 False attestation on all Nature charge,
 Rather than violate his League with Death ?
 Renounce his Reason, rather than renounce
 The Dust belov'd, and run the risque of Heaven ?
 O what Indignity to deathless souls ?
 What Treason to the Majesty of man ?
 Of man Immortal ! hear the lofty style.
 “ If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.

“ Let Earth dissolve, yon ponderous Orbs descend,
 “ And grind us into Dust : The *Soul* is safe ;
 “ The *Man* emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
 “ As tow’ring Flame from *Nature’s* funeral Pyre ;
 “ O’er devastation, as a Gainer, smiles ;
 “ His Charter, his inviolable Rights,
 “ Well-pleas’d to learn from Thunder’s Impotence,
 “ Death’s pointles darts, and Hell’s defeated storms.
 But these Chimæras touch not thee, *Lorenzo* !

The Glories of the world, thy seven-fold shield.
Other Ambition than of crowns in Air,
 And superlunary Felicities,
 Thy bosom warm. I’ll cool it if I can,
 And turn those Glories that enchant, against Thee.
 What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
 If wife, the Cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *Ambitious* ! let us mount together,
 (To mount *Lorenzo* never can refuse)
 And from the Clouds, where Pride delights to dwell,

Look down on Earth---What seest Thou ? wond'rous
 Terrestrial wonders, that ecclipse the skies. [Things !
 What Lengths of labour'd Lands ? What loaded Seas ?
 Loaded by man, for Pleasure, Wealth, or War :
 Seas, Winds, and Planets, into service brought,
 His Art acknowledge, and promote his Ends.
 Nor can th'eternal Rocks his Will withstand ;
 What levell'd Mountains ? And what lifted Vales ?
 O'er vales, and mountains, sumptuous Cities fwell,
 And gild our Landscape with their glittering Spires.
 Some, mid the wondering Waves majestic rise ;
 And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
 Far greater still ! (what can not Mortal might ?)
 See, wide Dominions ravish'd from the Deep ;
 The narrow'd Deep with indignation foams.
 Or Southward turn ; to *delicate*, and *grand*,
 The finer Arts there ripen in the Sun.
 How the tall Temples, as to meet their Gods,
 Ascend the skies ? the proud triumphal Arch

Shows us half Heaven beneath its ample Bend.
 High thro' mid Air, *here*, Streams are taught to flow;
 Whole Rivers *there*, lay'd by in Basons, sleep.
Here, Plains turn Oceans ; *there*, vast Oceans join
 Thro' Kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore ;
 And chang'd Creation takes its Face from Man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidale scenes,
 Where Fame, and Empire wait upon the Sword ?
 See, Fields in blood ; hear, naval Thunders rise ;
Britannia's Voice ! that awes the World to peace.
 How yon enormous Mole projecting breaks
 The midsea, furious, waves ? their roar amidst
 Outspeaks the Deity, and says, “ O Main !
 “ Thus far, nor farther ; new Restraints obey.”
 Earth's disembowel'd ! measur'd are the Skies !
 Stars are detected in their deep Recess !
 Creation widens ! vanquish'd *Nature* yields !
 Her Secrets are extorted ! *Art* prevails !
 What monuments of Genius, Spirit, Pow'r ?

And, now *Lorenzo!* raptur'd at this scene,
 Whose Glories render Heaven superfluous ! say,
 Whose Footsteps, these ? ---*Immortals* have been here.
 Could less than souls Immortal this have done ?
 Earth's cover'd o'er with Proofs of souls Immortal ;
 And proofs of Immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand Foible, I confess,
 These are *Ambition*'s works ; and These are great :
 But *This*, the Least Immortal souls can do ;
 Transcend them all...But what can These transcend ?
 Do'st ask me, what ?---One Sigh for the *Distrest* ;
 What then for *Infidels* ? a Deeper sigh.
 'Tis moral *Grandeur* makes the Mighty man :
 How *Little* they, who think aught *Great* below ?
 All our ambitions Death defeats, but One,
 And that it crowns.---- Here cease we, but ere long
 More powerful *Proof* shall take the field against Thee,
 Stronger than Death, and smiling at the Tomb.

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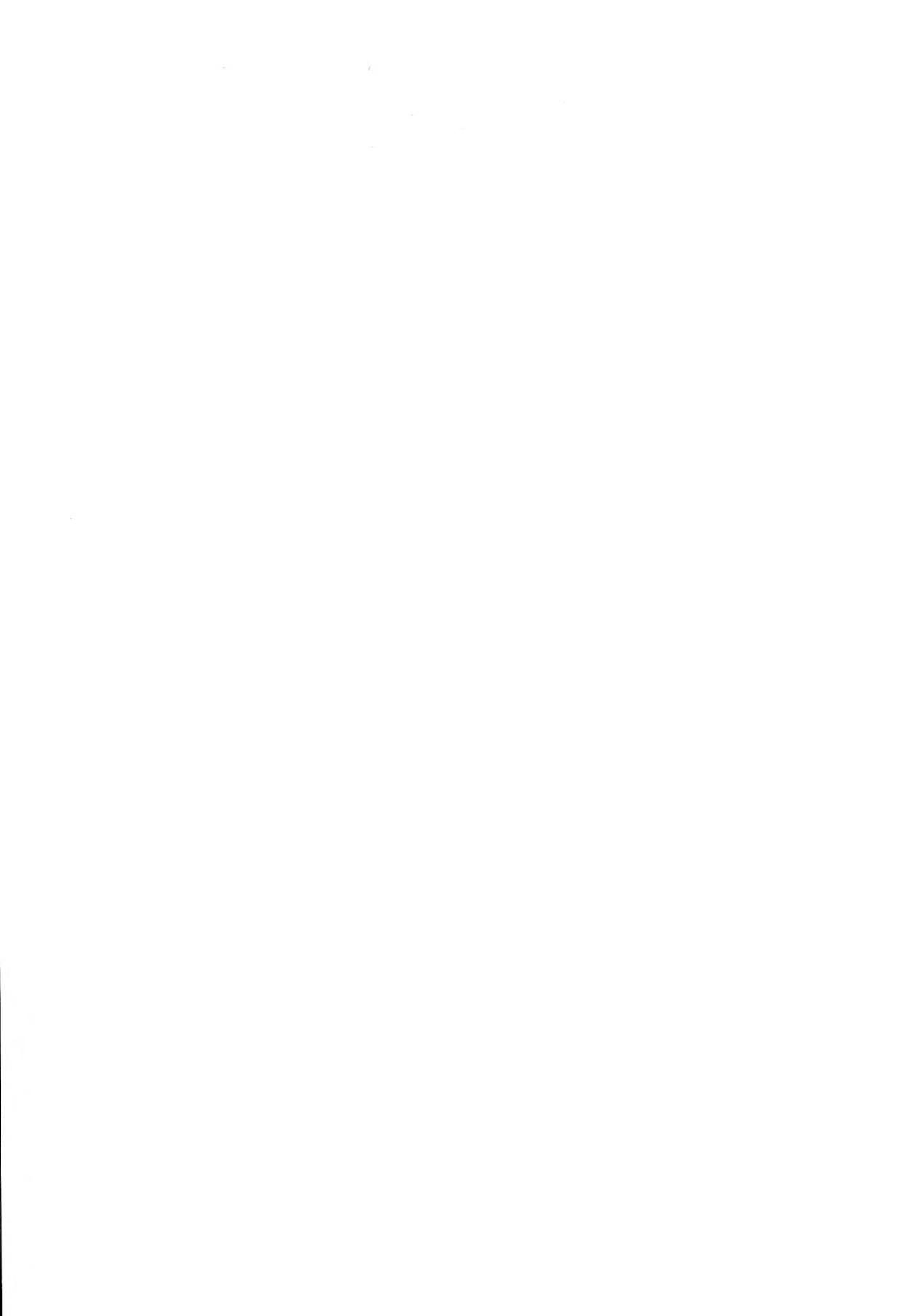
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